

To John Tranter, after reading 'Late Night Radio' & debbie jaffe

by **Adam Fieled**
[**poetry** - august 06]

To John Tranter, after reading 'Late Night Radio'

Why write, embittered by
black days? You could scout the
sun rise, sip coffee. No one's picking
at your liver, no heroic feats need
doing. Noon could be pure gravy;
nothing need not be filled w/ more
nothing. All that's in the files
stays in the files, all that's gone
brackish is in the ocean now.
What's not cream isn't vinegar.
It could be iced coffee, not Starbucks.

debbie jaffe

& that i must caesar. arms, curd
went down. found, mice, shelf, armor
machine. wasp it up, & up, & up, real
member a machine. then, head, shot,
"she said," she said. feel, linger, can't.
belly, caesar, belly. debit, giraffe, red-
headed. purge to null, urge, two, pull.
eye, belly, belie. ()

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day song

by **Adam Fieled**
[**poetry** - april 06]

& this reflexivity right now: how it bounds.
how we are the sum total of our limitations.
we catch glimpses. what's in the catching.
what's beyond, behind, between: purple fear.
bodies randomly chosen, for different reasons.
dreams of form. charades. too bad, but

always the knowledge, if we are lucky, of
scattered constellations in the world. chewable.
fragments. progress. only in patches. must. Do

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